SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1903

THE LIONS OF THE LORD

BY HARRY LEON WILSON.

THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.

In his foreword, which should be re-read after the book is finished, the author says:

Of these seven historic highways the one richest in story is the old Salt Lake trail: this because at its western end was woven a romance within a romance—a orama of human passions, of lote and hate, of high faith and low, of the beautiful and the ugly, of truth and lies; yet with certain fine fidelities under it all; a drama so close-knit, so amazingly true, that one who had lightly designed to make a tale there was dismayed by fact. So much more thrilling was it than any riction he might have imagined so more than human had been the sunning of the Master Dramatist, that the little make-believe he was pondering seemed clumsy and poor, and he turned from it to try to tell what had really been.

In this story, then, the things that are strangest have most of truth. The make-believe is hardly more than a cement to join the queerly wrought stones of fact that were found ready. For if the writer has now and again had to divine certain things that did not show—yet must have been—surely these are not less than truth. One of these deductions is the Lute of the Holy Ghost who came in the end to be the Little Man of Sorrows; who loved a woman, a child, and his God, but sinned through pride of soul—whose life. Indeed, was a poem of sin and retribution. Yet not less true was he than the Lion of the Lord, the Archer of Paradise, the Wild Ram of the Mountains, or the gaunt, gray woman whom hurt love had crazed. For even now, as the tale is done, comes a dry little note in the daily press telling how such a one actually did the other day a certain brave, great thing it had seemed the imagined one must be driven to do. Only he and I, perhaps, will be conscious of the struggle back of that which was printed; but at least we two shall know that the Lift Man of Sorrows is true, even though the cross where he fied to say his last prayer in the body has long them of the Mountains, and the cross where he fied to say his last prayer in the body ha

As to whether conditions have been portrayed truthfully, there may be a controversy—the old controversy over the responsibility for the Mountain Meadow massacre, over even the existence of the Danites. Without going into this, it may be said that it is doubtful whether any person can portray accurately conditions in Utah, past or present, without having lived here. But even then, prejudice is likely to sway to one side or the other. Mr. Wilson gained his principal information during a few weeks' visit in Salt Lake last fall and some time spent over the Schroeder Mormon library, now in Iowa. The influence of the latter is seen in the unsparing way in which he handles the tenets and practices peculiar to the Mormon faith. At the same time, he has not gone to the extreme of condemning all the people who are sincere believers in this religion. He gives them credit for great provocation in whatever they were led to do.

Viewed from a purely literary standpoint, the book is fascinating, though so somber that one can scarcely believe it comes from the pen of a man whose principal reputation is as a humorist. There is nothing genial in the tale. The humor is all sarcasm or ridicule. For this and many other reasons it will probably never be as popular as "The Spenders."

Nevertheless, it is a powerful story and one which should be read the second time, when it will

will probably never be as popular as "The Spenders."

Nevertheless, it is a powerful story and one which should be read the second time, when it will take on new meanings. It is a study of the effects of religion on men, women and even children of varying temperaments, bringing out into stronger relief the brutality of some or turning it into desperate channels, and in others inspiring a spirituality and self-sacrifice approaching the divine.

The great figure is Joel Rae, eager to fight for his God with the arms of men or on the battle-ground of the soul, led by his intense nature to lengths from which he later recoils, bowed down by a train of tragedies and of self-scourging, but courageous for conscience to the last. There are three other characters which appeal especially. One is the woman who loves him, hungers in vain for his love and dies, glad that she can sacrifice herself for him. Another is the simple child who grows up in innocence in the isolated community of Pine Valley, called Amalon in the book. There is nothing so original about her or about her cowboy lover, but one always is drawn to sweet, pretty girlhood and bold, dashing, independent, manly young manhood. These two, with their romance, furnish practically the only cheering rays in a dark pit of horrors.

(Harry Leon Wilson, editor of Puck and author of "The Spenders," has written a Mormon novel, entitled "The Lions of the Lord," just published by the Lothrop company of Boston. It is the story of the life tragedy of Joel Rae, an intensely devout and high-minded Mormon. The opening scenes are at Nauvoo, at the time the Latter-day Saints are being driven from the place. Rae is then a young man, intensely in love with Prudence Corson. She apostatizes. Rather than sacrifice his religion he gives her up temporarily and follows the others westward, hoping she may be induced to relent and join him. His sister is cruelly treated and killed and his father is killed by the mobs which are persecuting the Mormons. His she may be induced to relent and join him. His sister is cruelly treated and killed and his father is killed by the mobs which are persecuting the Mormons. His mother dies from the hardships and the shock of the other deaths. Embittered, he becomes a Danite. After Utah is reached he gains prominence in the church. He would have married Mara Cavan, a beautiful and warm-hearted girl, were it not for the memory of the other. He returns in a few years to find that Prudence has married a militia captain prominent in the persecutions. Mara meanwhile has become the plural wife of another elder. Later she suffers blood atonement for love of Joel. Rae takes part in the Mountain Meadows massacre. His former sweetheart, Prudence Corson, and her husband are killed there, but their 3-year-old daughter, Prudence, the image of her mother, is saved by Rae. A little boy who had been protecting her escape. Rae becomes president of a stake in the Pine Valley region. marries three women out of pity in order to give them homes and takes the little child to live with him. He is overcome with remorse for the Mountain Meadows deed and seeks to atone by a life of penance. He loves the growing child to the point of adoration. Her hand is sought by many, including Brigham Young himself, but she is not for them. Finally a handsome, golden-haired cowboy comes along, adopted son of a rich cattleman. He is the little boy who had progolden-haired cowboy comes along, adopted son of a rich cattleman. He is the little boy who had protected her during the massacre and who had escaped. He is there on a mission of vengeance against Rae and two others whom he especially remembered, but his heart is touched by the appearance of the old man, broken down with anguish, and he relents. Rae has a revelation against plural marriages and he annunced. t, almost from his deathbed, before President Young in meeting. He goes to the scene of the Mountain Meadows and there expires, having first joined in marriage his adopted daughter, Prudence, and Ruel Follett, the cowboy. The story is a severe arraignent of polygamy and deals in the conditions in a period beginning over fifty years ago, but is not without sympathy for sincere believers in the Mormon faith. It follows in condensed form.)

THE CITY without life lay handsomely along a river in the early suelight of a September morning Death had seemingly not been long upon it, nor had It made any scar. No breach or rent or disorder or sign of violence could be seen. The long, shaded streets breathed the still airs of utter peace and quiet. From the half circle around which the broad river bent its moody current the neat houses, set in cool, green gardens, were terraced up the high hill, and from the summit of this a stately markle course. of this a stately marble temple, glittering of towered far above them in placid benediction

It was the city of Nauvoo. The Mormons had been It was the city of Nauvoo. The Mormons had been driven from their homes by the overwhelming forces of the militia. The sick had been ruthlessly torn from their beds and bundled out. All the inhabitants had been driven forth. The Prophet Joseph Smith had been killed and so had other believers in his faith. It was to this scene of desolation that Joel Rae, zeal ous elder, returned after a three years' absence on a mission in the eastern states. His sick father and mother were among the sufferers. He found them theltered at a farm house with his sweetheart, Prudence Rae, protected by the dashing young Captain Girnway of the militia, forcing and superintending the exodus.

After a glad reunion Joel and Prudence sought a guiet spot to enjoy a tete-a-tete. There Prudence cold him that she and her family had left the church. He was astounded and could not believe her state-ments reflecting on Joseph Smith.

"I told you I knew why you were sent away on a mis-sion," she went on. "It was because you were my ac-cepted lover-and your white-souled Joseph Smith wanted me for himselt." me for himself."
"I can't believe it—you couldn't know such a thing"—
his faith made a brave rally—"but even so, if he sought
you, why, the more honor to you—and to me, if you still
clung to me."

Then she told him how Brigham Young and Heber Kimball had summoned her to the presence seph Smith.

"But all at once he stood before me and asked me to be his wife. Think of it! I was so frightened! I dared not say no, he looked at me so—I can't tell you how; but I said it would not be lawful. He said: 'Yes, Prudence, I have had a revelation from God that it is lawful and right for a man to have as many wives as he wants—for as it was in the days of Abraham, so it shall be in these days. Accept me and I shall take you straight to the celestial kingdom. Brother Brigham will marry us here, right now, and you can go home tonisht and keep it secret from your parents, if you like.' Then I said: 'But I am betrothed to Joel Rae, the son of Giles Rae, who is away on a mission.' 'I know that,' he said. 'I sent him away; and, anyway, you will be safer to marry me. You will then be absolutely sure of your celestial reward, for in the next world, you know, I am to have powers, thrones, and dominions, while Brother Joel is very young and has not been tried in the kingdom. He may fall away and then you would be lost.' He urged me to have it over, trying to kiss me, and saying he knew it would be all right before God. I saw he was a bad, common man, and I told my people everything, and soon my father was denounced for an apostate. Now, sir, what do you say?"

But Joel's faith was not to be shaken. She told

But Joel's faith was not to be shaken. She told him that she would never go west with the Mormons. If he wanted her, he must stay behind. It was a terrific struggle between his love of his religion and his transport of the struggle between his love of his religion. with his people. He went, leaving her in the company

When he hurried ahead to rejoin the rest of the party he learned that his aged father, hurling a defiance at the gathered mob that was watching the crossing of the river, had been thrown into the stream and the river, had been thrown into the stream and drowled. Soon his mother died as a result of this, Joel Rae, bereft by the Gentile of sister, father, mother and sweetheart, thirsting for balle, joined the newly-organized Society of the Sons of Dan. He was led into it by Bishop Seth Wright, whom the church poet had called "The Wild Ram of the Mountains." Rae had been named by the same persons "The Lute which was followed by the advent of a flock of gulls which are up the crickets.

The stream of Saints to the great basin had become well-nigh continuous—Saints of all degrees of prosperity, from Parley Pratt, the Archer of Paradise, with his wealth of wives, wagons and cattle, to Barney Bigler, urblessed with wives or herds, who put his earthly goods on a wheelbarrow and, to the everlasting glory of God, trundled it from the Missouri river to the valley of the Great Salt lake.

Among those who arrived was a "red-lipped Juno, superbly rounded, who had gleaned in the fields until she was all a Gypsy brown, and her movements of a Gypsy grace in their freeness." This was Mara Cavan. The two were thrown together a great deal. The woman loved him desperately. She had a strong attraction for him. But the memory of Prudence Corson was ever before him. He still hoped that she would be as true to him as he was to her, and that they could be united. But a trip to the Missouri to bring back a company disillusioned him. He heard there that Prudence had married Captain Girnway and moved to Jackson county, Missouri. And by this time Mara Cavan had become the fifth wife of Elder Pixley.

Pixley.

Elder Rae returned to Zion. There was a spirit of unrest and apostasy present. He preached an eloquent sermon in the tabernacle which checked the tide, and he stood for hours in the river, baptizing, heedless of the December cold. But as he started homeward the exposure overcame him. He was rescued by Mara, taken in, warmed, given stimulating drink, and revived.

Then he opened his eyes. She was kneeling by the couch on which he lay. He felt her soft, quick breathing, and noted the unnatural shining of her eyes anl lips where the firelight fell upon them. All at once he threw out his arms and drew her to him with such a shuddering rush of power that she cried aloud in quick alarmbut the cry was smothered under his kisses.

The image of Prudence came before him ere they The image of Prudence came before him ere they had both yielded completely to temptation, and they resisted. Later, as they were parting in the doorway, in a sudden impulse of gratitude, of generous feeling toward her, he put out his arm and drew her to him. She was cold, impassive. He bent over and lightly kissed her closed, unresponding lips. They did not know that they were seen by a man in a shadow.

As a sequence to the wave of reformation started by Joel Rae, President Brigham Young for the first time preached openly in the tabernacle the doctrine of blood atonement, especially the saving of the souls of apostates by the shedding of their blood.

The next day after Brigham's sermon on blood atonement there had been a meeting in the historian's office, presided over by Brigham. And here for the first time Jeel Rae found he was no longer looked upon as one too realien!

"Hold up your right hand and repeat after me:
"In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, I do covenant and agree to support the first presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all things, right or wrong; I will faithfully guard them and report to them the acts of all men as far as in my power lies; I will assist in executing all the decrees of the first president, patriarch, or president of the twelve, and I will cause all who speak evil of the presidency or heads of the church to die the death of dissenters or apostates, unless they speedily confess and repent, for pestilence, persecution and death shall follow the enemies of Zion. I will be a swift herald of salvation and messenger of peace to the Saints, and I will never make known the secret purposes of this society called the Sons of Dan, my life being the forfeiture in a fire of burning tar and brimstone. So help me God and keep me steadfast."

Jeel Rae found he was no longer looked upon as one too radical.

In custody at Kaysville, twenty-five miles north of Salt Lake City, were six men who had been arrested by church authority while on their way east from California. They were suspected of being federal spies. The night fellowing the meeting which Joel Rae had attended, these prisoners were attacked while they slept. Two were killed at once; two more after a brief struggle, and the remaining two the following day, after they had been pursued through the night. The capable Bishop Wright declared in, confidence to Joel Rae that it reminded him of the old days at Nauvoo.

The same week was saved Rosmas Anderson, who had incurred rejection from Israel and eternal wrath by his misbehavior. Becoming submissive to the decree of the church, when it was made known to him by certain men who came in the night, it was believed that his atonement would suffice to place him once more in the household of faith. He had asked but half a day to prepare for the solemn ceremony. His wife, regretful, but firm in the faith, provided clean garments for her sinful husband, and the appointed executioners dug his grave. They went for him at midnight. By the side of the grave they had let him kneel and pray. His throat had been cut by a deft hand, and he was held so that his blood ran into the grave, thus consummating the sacrifice to the God of Israel. The widow, obeving priestly instructions, announced that her husband had gone to California. Then the soul of William Parrish at Springville was saved to eternal glory; also the soul of his son, Beason. For both of these sinful ones were on the verge of apostacy.

Other similar deeds were carried out. Elder Pix-lev bushend of Mara returned form a mission to fast."

He repeated the words without hesitation, with fervor in his voice and the light of a holy and implacable zeal in his face.

"Now I'll give you the blessing, too. Wait till I get my bottle of oil."

He stepped to the nearest wagon, felt under the cover, and came back with a small hottle in his hand.

"Stand jest here—so—now!"

They stood at the edge of the wavering firelight, and he put his hand on the other's head.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, the first president, patriarch and high priest of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, representing the first, second and third Gods in heaven, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I do now anoint you with holy consecrated oil, and by the imposition of my hands do ordain and set you apart for the holy calling whereunto you are called; that you may consecrate the riches of the Gentiles to the house of Israel, bring swift destruction upon apostate sinners, and execute the decrees of heaven without

Other similar deeds were carried out. Elder Pix-ley, husband of Mara, returned from a mission to Wales. A brother elder thus informed Joel Rae of



HARRY LEON WILSON.

When the aftermath of plunder, burial and oaths

When the aftermath of plunder, burial and oaths of secrecy was over, Joel Rae took the children to different neighboring ranches, claiming Prudence as his own child, for whom he would return.

Haunted ever by grewsome visions, he went north and took an active and daring part in harassing the army of Albert Sidney Johnson, then marching on Salt Lake. When Brigham Young yielded, much to Rae's disgust, he started southward, to take up his abode in one of the southern settlements. On his trip he met a woman, wandering in mind and body.

"Oh, yes," it was explained to him, "that's the first wife of Elder Tench. When he took his second, eight or ten years ago, something went wrong with this one

wife of Elder Tench. When he took his second, eight or ten years ago, something went wrong with this one in her head. She left the house the same night, and she's been on the go ever since."

He-reached Hamblin's ranch, and he remembered some time before leaving behind two boys. As he mounted his horse the older one had called to him:

"When I get to be a man I'm coming back with a gun and kill you till you are dead yourself."

He was told that after he had left the decision had been reached that these boys were old enough to make them dangerous witnesses. So one had been killed, but the other had escaped. He was tracked to where his trail merged with that of a band of Navajos.

arated and taken to rooms, where each was bathed and anointed with oil poured from a horn. A priest then ordained them to be king and queen in time and cternity. After this they were conducted to a large apartment and left in silence for some moments. Then voices were heard—the voice of Elohim in converse with Jehovah. They were heard to declare their intention of visiting the earth, and this they did, pronouncing it good, but deciding that one of a higher order was needed to govern the brutes. Michael, the archangel, was then called and placed on earth under the name of Adam, receiving power over the beasts and being made free to eat of the fruit of every tree but one. This tree was a small evergreen with bunches of raisins tied to its branches.

Discovering that it was not good for man to be alone, Brigham, as God, then caused a sleep to fall upon Adam, and fashioned Eve from one of his ribs. Then the Devil entered, in black silk knee-breeches, approaching with many blandishments the women who was enacting the role of Eve. The sin followed, and the expulsion from the garden.

After this impressive spectacle Joel and the rapturous

role of Eve. The sin followed, and the expulsion from the garden.

After this impressive spectacle Joel and the rapturous Christina were taught many signs, grips and pass-words, without which, one may not pass by the gate-keepers of heaven. They were sworn also the avenge the murder of Joseph Smith upon the Gentiles who had done it, and to teach their children to do the same; to obey without questioning or murmur the commands of the priesthood, and never to reveal these secret rites, under penalty of having their throats cut from ear to ear and their hearts and tongues cut out.

having their throats cut from ear to ear and their nearts and tongues cut out.

When this oath had been taken, they passed into a room containing a long, low altar covered with red velvet. At one end, in an arm-chair, sat Brigham, no longer in the role of God, but in his proper person of prophet, seer and revelator. They knelt on either side of this altar and, with hands clasped above it in the secret grip last given to them, they were sealed for time and eternity. From the altar they went to the wagons and began their journey south. Christina came out of the endowment house glowing, as to one side of her face. She was also in a state of daze that left her able to say little. Proud and happy and silent, her sole remarks was also in a state of daze that left her able to say little. Proud and happy and silent, her sole remarks the first day of the trip was: "Brigham—now—he make such a lovely, bee-yoo-tiful God in heaven!"

This was his first wife. The second he married on the way down to Amalon, the little Washington county settlement where they were to live. She was Martha Snow, the cast-off wife of Bishop Warren Snow, forlorn and half-starved. He also took under his protection the imbecile who had been her betrothed, and the woman who had gone insane when the second wife came. They made a home in Amalon, and to this home was welcomed little Prudence. The wives were such in name alone. In reality they were merely unfortunates who shared his bounty. But the little

amortunates who shared his bounty. But the little girl became his daughter indeed. Patiently he won her trust and love. On his part, he adored her.

As the years went on, he saw her develop. He saw again the other Prudence he had loved in this childigh image which ish image which grew more and more like her

Martha, the second wife, watched over and cared for her. One day the realization came to him that Martha, the haggard, anaemic, listless creature he had wedded out of sympathy, still young, had regained her freshness and beauty, and that red blood was again flowing through her veins. With her return to health and comeliness they had come back to her a thousand little graces of dress and manner and speech. She drew him, with his starved love of beauty and his need of companionship; drew him with a mighty power, and he knew it at last.

But his life had been consecrated to penance and sorrow. This new love, just dawning, might chase away the shadows and relieve the sombre gloom. Ere it could get any further he mut it away from him.

it could get any further, he put it away from him. Divorcing her, he married a talkative, empty-headed

creature who was a cross indeed.

From the dim distance he heard of a terrible war that threatened to rend asunder the nation. In Salt Lake there was rejoicing, and Brigham Young de-clared that the United States was to be destroyed for clared that the United States was to be destroyed for the wrong that had been done the Saints. To put down this spirit the Third California Infantry and part of the Second cavalry were ordered to Utah, under Patrick E. Connor. He ordered arrested all persons uttering treasonable sentiments and their imprisonment until they should take the oath of allegiance, marched through Salt Lake and established Camp Douglas, with its guns overlooking the city.

The days went on and the years, until the early '70s were reached. Prudence grew nearer and dearer to the heart of her adopted father. Bishop Wright, the "Wild Ram of the Mountains," wanted to make her his twelfth or thirteenth wife, when she was 14 years old. She would have been willing, so she could

years old. She would have been willing, so she could play with Mattie Wright, one of the bishop's daugh-ters, every day, but Joel Rae would not consent. Later Bishop Snow wanted her, but she laughed at him. She went to Salt Lake to conference, and Brigham Young himself saw her, danced with her and was attracted to her. On their return to Amalon he sent a letter saying he would marry her on his next trip south. But Prudence had other ideas on the subject, and Joel Rae, though he was at that time president of the stake and accustomed to obey the slightest wish of the president of the church, could not bring him-

The girl had been to the theatre in Salt Lake and had seen wooing lovers on the stage. She began to have dreams of her own. One day her knight rode up on a horse. He was a cowboy, lithe, handsome and debonair-and his adopted father, Ezra Calkins, was a cattleman and freighter with cast and varied in-terests. His own name was Ruel Follett. He put up

a their house.

After some days the newcomer and the old man had a secret interview. The youth was none other than the little boy who had been Prudence's protector. during the Mountain Meadows massacre. He had returned to kill Joel Rae and the two men who laterhad tried to kill him. The two latter were dead. The pitiful figure of the man before him, broken down with sorrow and with a sickness which was overonging him, moved him so that he could not shoot. But he announced that he intended to take Prudence back to her grandfether and grandmother in Illinois Welson. he amounced that he intended to take Fruitence back to her grandfather and grandmother in Illinois. This last cross was too much for the man who had been seeking crosses all his life. It would mean the taking away of the only thing he had allowed himsel, to love, the only brightness in his sombre life. He begged for a little delay. It was granted.

Meanwhile the girl set out to convert the young man to Mormoviem. They had many a lessen in a let

WILSON'S LIFE STORY AND HIS SALT LAKE FRIENDS.

ARRY LEON WILSON, author of "The Lions of the Lord," is a former railroad man who worked alongside several men now living in Salt Lake. Among his friends and former associates are Assistant Chief Engineer H, M. McCartney of the Salt Lake route, Chief Clerk W. E. Critzer in the Oregon Short ARRY LEON WILSON, author of "The Lions of the Lord," is a former railroad man who worked alongside several men now living in Salt Lake. Among his friends and former associates are Assistant Chief Engineer H, M. McCartney of the Salt Lake route, Chief Clerk W. E. Critzer in the Oregon Short Line resident engineer's office and Major Harry C. Hill, secretary of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone company. Mr. Wilson and his bride, formerly Mrs. Rose Cecil O'Neill, Latham, spent a short time in Salt Lake last fall visiting these friends and collecting material for the book. Afterward they went to lowa to read some of the Mormon literature in the library of Albert T. Schroeder and the knowledge gained there figures largely in the book.

Mr. Wilson was born May II, 1868, at Oregon, III. He was educated in the public schools of that place. At the age of 17 years he learned shorthand and the following year took a position as stenographer with Sylvester T. Smith, superintertient of the Union Pacific, at Omaha.

During the next five years Mr. Wilson lived in the west and that he learned to love it is evident in "The Spenders," his first novel. He remained with Mr. Smith six months and then went to Denver as stenographer in the Union Pacific offices there. While in Denver he began writing for publication. There were several men in the employ, of the road at that place who were writing at odd moments for publication, among them Mr. McCartney. Young Wilson, then 18 years of age, caught the fever. He wrote some clever sketches which came back from one publication after another until they landed in the office of Puck. There they were promptly accepted and more ordered at the average rate of \$10 cach.

From that time on Mr. Wilson was a regular contributor to Puck. In 1888 he went to California as amanuensis in the employ of the Bancroft History company, returning to Omaha in 1890 as secretary to V. G. Bogue, then chief engineer of the road. Among the relics of his career there is a New Year's eve programme which he got up for D

'board of health.'"

In the fall of 1891 the entire construction department of the Union Pacific was wiped out with one fell stroke. Mr. Wilson, with scores of others, was left jobless. He wrote to Puck of the situation and was told to come on to New York at once. He did so, and became a member of the editorial staff. Upon the death of H. C. Bunner in 1896 he was made editor, retaining that position until July of last year, when he resigned to devote his entire time to writing.

During the time he was with Mr. Bogue he was traveling all over the west, coming to Salt Lake and going clear to the Pacific coast. He thus gained a broad knowledge of the west and its people, which he has subsequently used in his writing. In 1894 Puck reprinted some of his short western stories in a book entitled "Zig-zag Tales from the West." His next book appeared last year. It was his first novel, "The Spenders," It was illustrated by Mrs. Rose Cecil O'Neill Latham, who had been doing a large amount of drawing for Puck, signing "O'Neill." About the time the book was published she became the wife of the author. This book, breathing good humor all the way through and betraying a keen insight into character, met instant success.

The novel was one of the largest selling books of last year. It is now past its sixteenth thousand and still going. The profits to the author passed the \$30,000 mark some time ago. Many critics declare it "The great American novel." When the success of this book was assured Mr. Wilson resigned from Puck and took his bride on a wedding tour in the mountains of the west, far from railroads. After spending their summer thus they came to Salt Lake last fall, where the time was spent in recreation and in collecting material for the new book on Mormonism.

where the time was spent in recreation and in collecting material for the new book on Mormonism. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are spending the present summer at Bellport, L. I.

fear of what man can do to you. So mote it be, Amen.'
"There, boy, if I ain't mistaken, that's the best work
for Zlon that I done for some time. Now, be off to your
rest!" "Good night, bishop; and thank you for being kind to me. The church poet called me the Lute of the Holy Ghost, but I feel tonight that I must be another Lion of the Lord. Good night!"

The journey westward continued. Joel Rae was ordained an elder, Brigham Young taking an especial interest in him. Elder Rae was a firm believer that President Young could work miracles. He brought a -armed Indian to the president and asked that the arm be prayed on again

"Do you want him to suffer a little inconvenience these few days he has here, or do you want him to go through an endless hereafter with three arms?" asked President Young.

The young man concluded that the miracle should not be performed.

After many vicissitudes they reached Utah.

After many viciositudes they reached Utah.

From Echo canyon they went down the Weber; then toward East canyon, a dozen of the bearded host going forward with spades and axes as sappers. Sometimes they made a mile in five hours; sometimes they were less lucky. But at length they were righting their way up the choked East canyon, starting fierce gray wolves from their lairs in the rocks and hearing at every rod of their hard-lought way the swift and unnerving song of the coiled rattlesnake.

Eight fearful miles they toiled through this gash in the mountain, then over another summit—Big mountain; down this dangerous slide, all wheels double-locked, on to the summit of another lofty hill—Little mountain; and abruptly down again into the rocky gorge afterwards to become historic as Emigration canyon.

Following down this gorge, never doubting they should come at last to their haven, they found its mouth to be impassable. Rocks, brush and timber choked the way. Crossing to the south side, they went sheerly up the steep hill—so steep that it was all but impossible for the straining animals to drag up the heavy wagons, and so narrow that a false step might have dashed wagon and team half a thousand feet on to the rocks below.

But at last they stood on the summit, and broke into shouts of rapture as they looked. For the wilderness home of Israel had been found. Far and wide below them stretched their promised land—a broad, open valley, hemmed in by high mountains that lay cold and far and still in the blue haze. Some of these had slept since the world began under their canopies of snow, and, these flashed a sunlit glory into the eager eyes of the pilgrims. Others reared bare-scathed peaks above slopes that were shagey with timber. And out in front lay the wondrous lake—a shield of deep-st refrired out, "Hosanna to God and the Lamb!" and many of the bearded host shed tears.

Again and again they cried out, "Hosanna to God and the Lamb!" and many of the bearded host shed tears, for the hardshirs of the way had weakened them. Then Brigham came, twing oale and wasted in his wason, and when they saw him gaze long, and heard him finally say, "Enough-drive on!" they knew that ou this morning of July 24, 1847, they had found the spot where in vision he had seen the tent of the Lord come down to earth.

They took up their homes in the new Zion, but troubles continued. Among their other trials came the plague of crickets. Joel Rae led in a prayer

what action Elder Pixley had taken with Mara, his

"A good neighbor came and told him that one night, while on his way for the doctor, he had seen this woman take leave of her lover—had seen the man, whom he could not recognize, embrace her at parting. He taxed her with this, and she at once confessed, though protesting that she had not sinned, save in spirit. * * * * * After taking counsel from Brigham, he talked the matter over with her vary calmly, telling her that unless her blood smoked upon the ground she would be cast aside in eternity. She really had spiritual aspirations, it seems, for she consented to meet the ordeal. Then, of course, it was necessary to learn from her the name of the man, and when all was ready for the sacrifice Brother Pixley commanded her to make it known. * * * * * But, to his amazement and chagrin, she refused to give him the name of the man. He pointed out to her that not even her blood could save her should she die shielding him. But she declared that he was a good man, and that, rather than bring disgrace upon him, she would die—would even lose her soul; that in truth she did not care to live, since she loved him so that living away from him was worse than death. * * * * He drew her onto his knee, kissed her for the last time, then held her head back—and the thing was done."

The troubles of the Saints continued. Among other things, Apostle Parley Pratt was murdered in Ar-kansas. Then came rumors of a large wagon train going south through Utah on its way to California. Reports said it was composed chiefly of Missourians, some of whom were said to be boasting that they had some of whom were said to be boasting that they had helped to expel the Saints from Jackson county in that state. Also in this train were reported to be several men from Arkansas who had been implicated in the assassination of Apostle Pratt. It was also stated that federal troops had been ordered to Utah. Word came that Brigham Young was about to declare martial law, and that he had promised that Buchanan's army should never enter the valley. Joel Reac stated southward. His hourt heat high agein Rae started southward. His heart beat high again, with something of the old, swift fervor. The Gentile yoke was at last to be thrown off. War would come, and the Lord would surely hold them safe while they melted away the Gentile hosts. He reached the settlement of Parowan, and when they told him there that the waron train coming south, (their ancient that the wagon train coming south (their ancient enemies, who had plundered and butchered them in Jackson county.) was to be cut off before it left the basin, it seemed, but right to him—the just vengeance of heaven upon their one-time despoilers and a fitting first act in the war drama that was now to be plured. now to be played.

now to be played.

Then came the military council at which the Mountain Meadows tragedy was planned, and quickly following it the massacre itself. During the melec Rae was struggling with a man who recognized him. Just as someone shot down this man, Rae remembered his face. It was Girnway, the Nauvoo militia captain who had married his sweetheart. Then he found by his side a small boy, white-haired, holding by the hand a smaller girl, Prudence herself and Prudence's child. He sought for the mother and had almost reached her when he saw her killed and scalped by an Indian.

He sought the new settlement of Amalon, a little off the main road in a valley of the Pine mountains, where he had left the child Prudence. She ran quick-ly into the other room of the cabin, from which she called back, with tears of indignation in her voice:

"You're not my papa—not my real papa!"

That night he was looking over the bundle of trinkets picked up beside the body of his one-time sweetheart on the field of Mountain Meadows. He came upon a little Bible, which brought back a flood of memories, for on the yellowed fly-leaf he could read in fedde int. "From Leal to Produce or this

read in faded ink: "From Joel to Prudence on this day when she is seventeen years old—June 2, 1843."

He turned the leaves. Something caught his eye. It was a wash of blood across a page.

The scenes of that day of slaughter rushed before him again. Kissing the pillow on which the child slept, he gave her a last look, and started out, determined to atone by a death of starvation and thirst siept, he gave her a last look, and started out, de-termined to atone by a death of starvation and thirst on the desert. Days afterward, far from sign of habitation or life, he saw a vision in the sky, and in the vision was a cross. Half-crazed with the hunger and thirst, he turned back. The day which he next remembered clearly, and from which he dated his new life, was one when he was hack in the Meadows. He life, was one when he was back in the Meadows. He life, was one when he was back in the Meadows. He stopped, staring in wonder, believing it to be another vision; but it stayed before him, rigid, bare and uncompromising. He left his horse and climbed up to it. At its base was piled a cairn of stones, and against this was a slab with an inscription:

"Here 120 Men, Women and Children Were Massacred in Cold Blood Early in September, 1857."

On the cross itself was carved in deep letters:

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."
He fell on his knees at the foot and prayed, not weeping nor in any sense of fear, but as one know-

weeping nor in any sense of fear, but as one knowing his zin and the sin of his church. The burden of his prayer was: "O God, my own sin cannot be forgiven—I know it well—but let me atone for the sins of this people and let me guide them aright. Let me die on this cross a hundred deaths for each life they put out, as as many as shall be needed to save put out, as as many as shall be needed to save

This was the vow which guided all the rest of his He went north to Salt Lake. There he saw in President Brigham Young's office a woman with a dis-figured face and with only one hand—frozen off while pushing a hand-cart across the plains. oung explained that it was Christina Lund, an un-ortunate whose lack of any attraction had kept her from being married, much to her distress and be-cause of her fears for her soul in the life to come

cause of her fears for her soul in the life to come. President Young had frequently urged him to marry, though having never given an explicit command. Now Joel Rae voluntarily offered to marry this

At the door of the endowment house they were sep-